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Bridgton Reporter.

VOL. II.

BRIDGTON, ME., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1860.

NO. 16.

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JOB PRINTING executed with neatness,
cheapness and despatch.

MINNIE BLAKE.

"Now, father"—They were only two little
words, but they were said in soft, pleading
tones, which have more weight than a score
of arguments.

"I know just what you mean, Esther," ex-
claimed Jason Strong, as he slipped his right
arm into his workman's overalls, that spring
morning, set in low, dull clouds, "but there's
no use in wasting any more words between
us. It would be folly and madness for us
to think of adopting widow Blake's child,
when it's just as much as we can do, by
screwing and turning," to put bread into
the mouths of the three we've got at home. No
man has a better will than mine; but when
I'm laid up half the winter by rheumatism,
and can't earn but seventy-five cents a day
on the best jobs, it's high time to put down
notions about takin' other folks' children,
when the chances are our own'll have to
scatter afore long."

He was a large, heavy-limbed, stalwart
man—she was a small, shrinking, gentle-
faced and voiced woman, and now her tones
came like a minor key, after the gruff, pos-
itive voice, which half-concealed as honest
and true as heart as ever beat in a man's
bosom.

"I know, Jason, it's all true, that you're
a hard roe to hoe, and it seems as you say,
a mighty hard tug to make two ends meet,
and take care of the children God has given
us; but I don't believe he'll forget us, if we
remember the widow and the fatherless in
their afflictions; and what if it were little
sis, now?"

Here Mr. Strong raised the key, and went
energetically to winding up the clock.

"You know," continued the little woman,
sitting a couple of chairs opposite each other,
and girdling their backs with a skein of
blue woollen yarn, "that the doctor says
Miss Blake can't stand it more'n this week
out, and I tell you, Jason, it fairly broke
me down, when I went in there, last night
and little Minnie's golden head was a shin-
in', and she was a bobbing around among
the chairs, where she was playin' singin'
school, till I could think of nothin' but the
butter-cups a twinklin' every May, amongst
the clover, and Miss Blake's eyes followed
her, with a longin', pityin', anxious look, and
then turned upon me."

"O Miss Strong, what'll become of her?"
she said.

"God'll take care of her, Miss Blake."

"But sometimes I forget this, and then it
seems as if I couldn't die in peace, and leave
her here, without a friend in the wide world
to look out for her, with her father a sleep-
in' away off under the deep waters, and her
mother a lying in a little corner of the vil-
lage churchyard—"

"Come, wife, come," here interrupted Mr.
Strong, in a quick, sharp voice, and he took
out his pocket handkerchief, and blew his
nose with a great deal of emphasis.

His wife did not observe it—she was very
intent, just at that moment, on shapping her
ball of yarn with her thumb and forefinger.

"Well, Jason, I haven't much more to say,
for Miss Blake broke right down here herself;
and I couldn't find a word to comfort her,
for somethin' away down in my heart kept
whispering, 'Suppose, now, it was poor little
Wealthy!'"

"It would be dreadful tough, wife, that's
a fact!" exclaimed the carpenter, and he
put one foot unceremoniously before the other.

"And then suppose Miss Blake stood in
our case."

"O, mother, I see now just what you're
coming to," interrupted Mr. Strong, in a
half-sarcastic, half-despairing tone.

"I aint comin' to anything but this, father,
that we've got all God's promises on our
side, and I don't believe he's going to let us
break down because we take that poor little
motherless thing under our roof, when she
would have to be put in the poor house or
among strangers that would abuse her—I
tell you," and here the tears flashed right
out into the little woman's eyes, and the
soft-spoken voice gathered new strength and
fervor, "every mouthful that I eat would
choke me, and my pillow, when I lay down

on it at night, would be full of thorns to me,
thinking of that poor little lamb among
cold-hearted, cruel strangers."

Mr. Strong muttered something that sound-
ed very much like "woman's nonsense,"
but somehow the words did not get fairly
out of his throat.

Mrs. Strong went up to her husband, and laid
her hand on his arm, and the pale, faded face
shone with something that was finer than the
lost beauty of her girlhood, as she said, "Now,
father, there's no use tryin'; you know you'll
never let that child suffer so long as you've
got a roof to cover you or a crust to eat."

"Well, wife, take your own way. I never
was good at arguvin' with a woman," and
the man turned abruptly and went out of
the house, ashamed to own that his warm
true heart endorsed every word that was
spoken.

In a minute, however, the kitchen door
opened again.

"Wife, I say!"

"Well, father."

"You'd better go right over, and tell Miss
Blake that you've concluded to take the
child. It'll set her mind at rest like, and
just now she needs it enough."

"There, didn't I see?" murmured Mrs.
Strong to herself, after the door closed. "It
is well I know how to get on the right side
of father's heart."

"There, now, Johnnie, don't Minnie look
pretty?" and Wealthy Strong turned round
the dainty little creature, whose golden head
she had crowned with a wreath of white and
pink wood-blossoms.

"Yes, she does, that's a fact," answered
the very practical boy, as he slowly drew in
his fishing line.

It was a bright, still afternoon in the ear-
ly summer, and John Strong had brought
the two little girls over to the pond, and
while he hauled in, with shouts of triumph,
his prizes of pickerel and bass, Wealthy had
twined a wreath of blossoms, which she and
Minnie had gathered in the woods, a little
way off, and wound them in the child's tress-
es.

The brother and sister were healthy, ro-
bust-looking children, with round limbs and
sun-browned faces, which tell their own tales
of country life; but Minnie Blake was one
of those children, the very sight of which
brought a new life into the eyes of those
who love beauty. She was small and deli-
cate, with eyes blue and deep as still lakes
looked beneath deep mountains, and her
hair had the golden ripeness of the harvest
pears that dropped every autumn on the
grass in Mr. Strong's back yard.

The bloom of two woodland roses were set
in her cheeks, and sweet smiles were forever
clustering over the dimples hidden about
her lips.

She had resided with the Strong's for more
than two years, and all this time the little
orphan, Minnie Blake, had been like a sweet
flower, filling their home with fragrance.

But it had been a home where went on
constantly a sharp, strong battle with pov-
erty—a battle that was lightened and sancti-
fied by faith in God, and sweet affections
and tender cares. But this summer had
opened more darkly than its predecessors,
for Mr. Strong's rheumatic attacks had
been longer and more serious than any of
the previous ones. He had lost several im-
portant "jobs" for that season, in consequence
of his illness; and his oldest son, who had
just crossed his fourteenth birthday, had been
obliged to leave the district school and let
himself out as a "chore boy," to a penurious
old farmer in the vicinity of Woodford.

So troubles thickened over the heads of
the carpenter's little family, and the face of
Mrs. Strong grew paler and more patient
day by day.

"You just get away from my father's pond,
if you know what is good for you."

The loud, harsh tones broke suddenly in
upon the children's voices, and looking up
hastily in the direction of the voice, John
saw Squire Morton's oldest son standing in
the field opposite the meadow, through whose
dark grass the little pond flashed the silver
embroidery of its waters.

Now, although the meadow in reality be-
longed to the Squire, it was regarded as
"public property" by all the neighbors, and
the school-boys assembled here every Sat-
urday afternoon, for piscatory achievements,
amidst boisterous jests and frolic.

John Strong was a bold, out-spoken boy,
and the insolent tones of the Squire's son at
once aroused all his belligerent qualities.

"The pond belongs quite as much to me
as it does to you, sir, and I shall stay here
just as long as I like, for all your orders."

"You will, eh? I'd like to know what
right you, a poor beggar of a carpenter's
son, have to speak to me in that way," and
Robert Morton, whose naturally overbearing
disposition had been nurtured by the indul-
gence of most injudicious parents—for he
was an only son—advanced toward the boy,
whose senior he was by two or three years,
tauntingly cracking a small riding whip

which he carried in his hand. The angry
blood burned over the face of John Strong,
while the girls shrieked for fear.

"Come on," he cried, assuming a belli-
gerent attitude, and doubling his fist; "I'm
not afraid of you, Bob Morton, if you are the
Squire's son, and I'd like first rate to give
you a lickin' for that insult."

It was not the right action nor the right
answer; but the carpenter's son forgot, in
that hour of sore temptation, what many
older and wiser heads than his have done,
that it is neither money nor station which
makes the true gentleman, only the heart
that is gentle, and noble, and self-sustained;
and John Strong certainly decended when
he replied to the taunts of the Squire's son,
aggravating as they were.

Robert Morton had a handsome face, but
it was one of those, despite its dark, clearly
cut features, which your heart never clung
to—one which, the more it was studied the
less it was loved; and now an expression of
angry pride darkened and distorted every
lineament, as he stood still a moment before
John Strong, and then lifting his whip,
struck him a quick, sharp blow on the fore-
head. The next moment the two boys closed
in an angry struggle. John was the small-
er of the two, but exercise had developed his
muscles, and given him a degree of physical
power which one would scarcely have suspect-
ed from the first glance. He soon succeeded in
wrestling the whip from the Squire's son,
and after a brief struggle threw him on the
ground; and as John's temper had complet-
ely overmastered him, he gave his antagonist
a severer beating than he was himself aware
of.

"I'll make you pay for this, old fellow;
you'll see," growled the boy, as with bruised
face and stiff limbs, he limped away.

"Oh, father, my Johnnie sent to jail! I
shall never be able to lift my head again,"
and the mother wrung her hands, and the
tears scattered themselves over her pale
cheeks.

It was a dark day under the roof of the
little red house of the carpenter, Jason
Strong.

The Squire's son had executed his threat,
and so worked upon his father's sympathies
and indignation by the story of the wrongs
which he had received, that he had comm-
enced a suit against the carpenter on account
of his son, and the latter was sent to jail,
because his father could not raise the hun-
dred dollars which would have paid the boy's
bonds.

Jason Strong leaned his head in his hard
hands and groaned, while Minnie and Wealthy,
who scarcely comprehended the fearful
tidings, crept close to each other in one cor-
ner of the kitchen, and sidled their little
brown hands into each other's, and looked
with sorrowful faces upon the father and
mother.

"My boy in jail," murmured the poor
mother, as she paced, with locked hands, up
and down the room; "my boy, that I loved
so, and was so proud of, whose little brown
head I have rocked to sleep so many nights
in the cradle yonder—"

"O don't, wife," groaned the carpenter,
and his whole frame shuddered like a sob-
bing child's, while the two girls cried softly
in the corner.

And just at that moment the front gate
of the red house was opened, and a man
strode into the yard, and up to the front
door—a man, small and somewhat thin, but
having that rambling gait and sailors dress
which at once indicated his nautical occu-
pation.

His eyes roamed a moment over the hum-
ble cottage, its mossy roof embroidered with
golden devices of the sunset; then he lifted
the heavy handle of the brass knocker, and
gave such a summons that it must have
reached the ears of any living soul under
the low roof.

Minnie put her small, sweet face out of
the front door, looked up eagerly at the man.
"Can you tell me, little one, if a man by
the name of Strong hails from this craft?"

The blue eyes dilated with sweet wonder
at the strange language.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Aint used to sailor's yarns, eh, little sea
bird? Well, then, can you tell me who
lives inside?"

"His name's Jason Strong."

"The very man that I'm after," exclaimed
the sailor, setting his foot over the thresh-
old; then, as if a sudden thought had struck
him, he checked himself, and looking down
earnestly on the child, he asked, "Won't you
tell me your name?"

"I'm Minnie Blake."

He reached out the strong arm and lifted
the small figure, and folded it up closely, as
a mother her newly found child, to his heart,
and the words came in a sob to his lips,
"My child, I'm your father."

O, there was wonder and joy in the car-
penter's house that night, when it was dis-
covered that Minnie's father had returned
to them—he whose hair they thought had
been dragged by the salt sea waves for

more than three years. He had a long story
to tell of terrible misadventures by land
and sea—of miscarried letters, and years
of sickness in a strange land, and at last
of restored health of tidings that had reach-
ed him of the death of his wife, and of his
daughter's adoption by their neighbor and
his old playmate, Jason Strong.

And the carpenter, in his turn, had a
mournful tale to relate of sickness and pov-
erty, and hopes deferred; but the saddest
part of the story was its conclusion.

"A hundred dollars!" growled the sailor,
and he drew out his plethoric pocket-book—
"Ola friend, you took my child into your
craft when the storm came down the hard-
dest. Your boy won't lie in jail two hours
longer."

There was double joy in the carpenter's
house that night. Johnny Strong was re-
moved from jail, for the sailor was as good
as his word, and a lawyer was procured to
plead the case of the carpenter's son, who
did it so ably and eloquently that the boy
was acquitted, to the great astonishment
and rage of Squire Morton.

"I'm tired of the seas, old friend," said
the sailor, one evening, a week after his re-
turn, as he sat in Jason Strong's little kitch-
en, with Minnie on his knee, and her small
brown fingers fluttering like the wings of
newly fledged birds in his iron-grey hair;
"and when I lay out on an old raft, one
night at sea, and it seemed as though every
wave that went over us would be the last
that we could stand, I made a solemn prom-
ise with my own soul, that if God brought
me to see the shore again, I'd never leave it
to take another voyage for all the gold of
the East Indies."

"And I've got a thousand dollars, that the
old general gave me for tying his son to the
raft, and I've concluded to put it into some
acres of ground round here, and turn farm-
er; for I ain't quite forgot the old trade I
was brought up to, nor you either, I reckon,
Jason; so if you're a mind to go in business
with me, you shall have half the profits, and
it'll pay you better than jineriun'."

Jason Strong cleared his throat twice to
answer, but the thoughts which rose up in
his throat choked back the words, and his
wife spoke for him.

"It's been the dream and hope o' father's
life, giving up his trade and gettin' hold
of a few acres o' land to cultivate, but we'd
given up all hope of it long afore this."

"Well, my friends, the Lord don't forget
them that remember the widow and the
fatherless," said the sailor, and he hugged
up Minnie close to his heart.

"That's what I said, father, that morning
don't you know," wound up the soft, eager
voice of the little pale-faced woman, as she
folded up her child's coat she had just men-
ded.

"Yes, I know, Esther; and I know, too,
that unto you belongs all the praise, for it
was God who put it into your heart to take
the child."

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHINESE ART OF
HEALTH. Let hunger regulate your food,
and never eat too much at once; excessive
eating tires the stomach and produces many
diseases.

Never think of drinking unless you are
thirsty, and then merely quench your thirst;
too much drink corrupts the blood and may
cause dropsy.

Take an early breakfast, and do not go
out of doors fasting, particularly when the
air is hot or foul.

Let your breakfast be moderate; do not
overload your stomach with meats in the
morning.

About noon eat a hearty meal of plain,
wholesome food, and let it be neither too
pungent or too salt.

Beware of pungent food; it burns the
palate, the stomach and the bowels.

Avoid also too much salted food; it in-
jures the blood and causes an unnatural
thirst for too much liquids, which drown
the stomach.

Some food is very improper; it produces
crudities, acidity, colics and indigestion.

Eat meat only when it is hot; when cold
it is of heavy digestion.

Eat slowly and chew your food well. To
eat in a hurry is to eat like a dog or a wolf.

Seldom gratify your appetite to its full
extent for you may overload your stomach,
and thus impair its digestive powers.

Eat no meats of hard digestion, and be
careful to avoid those that are half raw or
not well cooked.

Very fat meat, and that which is dressed
with much pepper and spices, is more in-
jurious than nourishing.

A tippler who had his load on, 'fetched up'
against the side of a house which had been
newly painted, shoving himself clear by a
vigorous effort, he took a glimpse at his
shoulder, another at the house, a third at
his hands and exclaimed: "Well, that is a
careless trick in whoever painted that house
to leave it standing out all night for people
to run against."

ASA KNOLLIN'S ADVENTURE.

BY AN OLD 'UN.

Asa T. Knollin was a genuine specimen of
a down-east Yankee—a log-chopping, trad-
ing, fishing, sea-going, amphibious animal,
passing his time between the ocean, and the
main-land. In one of his voyages before the
mast he went to Porto Rico, and by some
chance it happened that his vessel sailed
without him. Asa felt somewhat homesick
when compelled to prolong his visit, and
eagerly watching for an opportunity of re-
turning to his native land.

One evening he was suddenly surrounded
by a gang of British sailors, belonging to the
sloop-of-war Terrible, commanded by Capt.
Bigshot, and then busy in taking in water,
and other stores, preparatory to a contin-
uance of her three years' cruise. Asa was
disposed to show fight, but as the press-gang
were armed with cutlasses, he concluded his
policy was to submit quietly, and so he en-
tered the barge without opposition, and was
taken on board the sloop.

That night, as he lay awake brooding over
his misfortunes, he chalked out his conduct,
which was no other than to feign a simpli-
city, amounting almost to idiocy, and to dis-
play as little knowledge of seamanship as
possible.

He knew how to throw into his counten-
ance an air of complete vacancy and inno-
cence, calculated to throw the shrewdest ob-
server off his guard.

The next day a dish of boiled beans was
set before him without the "fixins." Our
friend flared up at the meagerness of his en-
tertainment.

"Biled beans and no pork!" he exclaimed.
"This is a little too mean I s'wore! 'Taint
fit for a dog."

"Havin't you better complain to the cap-
tain?" asked the black whiskered boatswain
with a sneer.

"That's a bright idee, cap'n—so I will."

And regardless of opposition he bolted into
the cabin where Capt. Bigshot sat at dinner
with three or four officers.

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the cap-
tain firmly fixing his savage eye upon the
Yankee.

"Who be I?" ejaculated Knollin; "why, I
am Asa T. Knollin; Captain, I hope you're
well—and how's the folks to hum? pretty
spry, eh?"

"Your name's Jonathan, I guess," said the
captain, mimicking the usual tone of Knollin.

"No it ain't; its Asa T. Knollin, captain."

"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Seems to me you live pretty well here,
captain," said Asa, looking over the table.

"Pretty tall fodder; chickens, hams, pine-
apples, and O be joyful. Your cook hadn't
did the cleaning thing by us, though. S'pose
you know nothing about it, so I'd stey up
here and let you know how they do us down
stairs. Why captain, they give us beans
without pork!"

"Beans without pork! Astonishing!" ex-
claimed the captain, willing to humor the
character.

"Yes, captain, beans without pork. Don't
that beat all nature?"

"What do you live on when you are at
home?" asked the captain.

"Pork and beans, biled chowder, flapjack
and doughnuts," answered Asa.

"What are flapjacks?" asked the captain.

"Don't you know what flapjacks are?"

"What, I thought every fool know'd that—
They're made of flour, eggs, milk and water,
beaten up kerslap, and they'er slottered into
a frying pan and done brown, sarved up
with butter and molasses, whichever you
choose, and if they don't go down slick there's
no stones in Roxbury!"

"You seem to like molasses," said the
captain.

"Wal, I guess I do, said Asa. "But not
raw as you fellers eat it."

"How then?"

"Wal, I like to run a stick into the bung-
hole of a hoghead, and then pull it out
and drop it into my mouth. Aint it good,
though?"

"Well, Jonathan."

"Asa, captain."

"Jonathan, I say, you can go now and I'll
see about the pork to-morrow."

Asa went back to his astonished shipmates
reporting "that the captain was a pretty
slick sort of a fellow."

One day when the men didn't "tumb'le up"
from below with the requisite alacrity, the
boatswain, rattan in hand, gave each of
them a "remainder" with his stick as he
came on deck. Asa was the last, as usual
but watching the boatswain's bamboo, he
caught the weapon in his hand, and dexter-
ously twisted it out of the officer's grasp.

"Hallo, whiskers!" said he, "I hope you
did not mean to hit me, 'cause it hurts a
fellow. No, you didn't—wal, I thought so
—I forgive you; and he threw the rattan
overboard, escaping to the quarter-deck,
where his originality and supposed imbeci-
lity secured him impunity. In fact, he was

treated as a privileged buffoon by the offi-
cers.

Taking a cannon ball, one day he asked:
"What in the world is this yere, captain?"

"That's what we keep to pepper the Yan-
kees with," answered Captain Bigshot.

"Want to know," said Asa; "how do they
work it?"

"We put 'em into those big guns and fire
'em off."

"S'wore! you don't say so. Do they travel
pretty fast, captain?"

"You can't see 'em."

"Hurt a body if they hit?"

"Yes, when fired out of a gun."

"Not other ways?"

"No."

"Then here goes!" cried Asa; and, hand-
ing the missile like a bowling-ball, he let it
drive among the legs of the officers and men
shouting, "Hurrah, let her rip!"

"Seems to me, captain," said Asa coolly,
"them 'ere things does hurt a feller if they
ain't fired out of a gun."

One day, Capt. Bigshot called Asa aft—
"Jonathan," said he, "there's a boat along
side; you may get your traps together and go
ashore. I think His majesty can do with out
you."

"Wal, captain," replied Asa, "fore you
spoke I had pretty much concluded to quit,
I kin make better wages fishin' by a great
sight. Besides, I want to go hum and see the
folks. Good by, cap'n—I'll see you again."

"I think not," said the captain.

"Guess I shall. Good by," said Asa, and
with a light heart he bade adieu to the Terri-
ble.

The Reporter.

FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 24, 1860.

NOTES OF TRAVEL. It may be thought by some of our readers that we are an offensive old egotist—that we think more of ourselves than we do of anybody else, because we have so much to say of this same self. To be sure, we regard ourselves with a fair degree of complacency—don't desire to be thought by others, nor think ourselves, below the average of mortals, but we do not really require more than an average of consideration. We do not write of our travels—of what we see and hear—because we desire to poke our precious self into public notice, but because we can much better give our own impressions of places, things, men and women, than we can those of other people. We have not a particle of mock-modesty,—and perhaps not much of any kind,—and therefore we make free and copious use of the editorial "we" or "I," as the humor may seize us. And furthermore, if we write at all, when on the wing, we must write of what we see and hear, even though it be not very noteworthy. When travelling, we have but little opportunity for thinking, or for concocting set editorials. And after all, who cares much for "set," prosy editorials? Not one in ten individuals. We might indulge our brains—and fish in the "rasty deeps" for profound and beautiful thoughts, and yet the "natives" would not be in the least astonished, and would even pass them by.—They would much sooner read their ship-shod, though rather natural scribbles,—although their deliberate judgment might not exactly approve of them.

But to our "notes,"—not "promissory notes," for we are free to confess that they would be worthless. We forgot to say, while writing from Boston, that we went into, over in Cambridge, the oldest printing office in the United States. We refer to the University printing establishment located in that place. The building is nearly as large as the Cumberland Mill of this village, and contains ten power presses which are propelled by steam. The nicest possible printing is done in this establishment. All kinds of books are printed here—college textbooks—school-books of all description—histories—novels—periodicals—such as the North American Review, Christian Examiner, &c. Here, too, books are electrotyped and Stereotyped by most curious and ingenious methods. Mr. H. H. Clarke, once a resident of this town, and now a proof-reader in the establishment, politely took us through the entire building and showed us the wonders thereof. Our view of this immense office was too rapid to enable us to write out a description of it. And we presume our readers would care very little about such a description should we write one. Therefore we will let the matter slide, with expressing our thanks to Bro. Clarke for his politeness in showing us through that great mental laboratory.

We will now leap from Massachusetts to Maine, and attend to matters nearer home. We left Portland for Sebago one week ago, in the Oxford and Cumberland Cars, which behaved some better than they did when we went down on them. At Gorham corner we took the stage with friend Croton of the White Mountain Stage, who took us to Baldwin Corner, where we "wooded up" with steak and tea—then hopped aboard of neighbor Bickford's Stage, wherein we enjoyed ourselves in a pleasant conversation with an intelligent elderly lady of our acquaintance. We like right well to talk with the girls, to be sure, but we greatly prefer the conversation of ladies who have "passed the grand climacteric." There is nothing more truly instructing than the talk of a cultivated lady who has had a varied and mature experience of this rather changeable world.—"Beauty and fashion" have no homage from us, when in the elevating presence of such a woman. They are as dust and ashes in comparison to her mild and earnest wisdom. This conversation lasted till we reached friend Porter's house where we alighted, in company with that gentleman, who had been absent from home for many weeks.

Here we rested a day or two, and then took the road for Denmark, which the day before had received a large accession of snow, and halted at the friendly mansion of Col. S. Fry, from which place we were expecting to go, next day, to Brownfield to look in upon our friend THOMAS P. CLEAVES. But the snows descended, and our calculations were frustrated with regard to our door movements. But should we say that we did not enjoy ourself well in doors, we should fib greatly—a thing we are bound not to do,—except, perhaps, under an exceeding pressure of circumstances. We have rarely ever had a richer time than we had in that godly town. Good and true folks live there, and intelligent withal. We had the luck to meet with Mrs. Ganoas of Sacanappa, who is giving a highly instructive course of lectures on Phrenology, and kindred subjects, in that town. She has had a large experience in this line of mental endeavor, and is a capital examiner of heads. We hope she will be induced to visit this village, in her professional capacity, as she could not fail to edify those who would attend her lectures, and avail themselves of her skill as a scientific reader of character.

But we must draw these notes to a close. Our journeyings are ended. We have been about some weeks from our post, but have been hard at work all of the time, and have not been enabled to do for the Reporter as

we should have done had we been in our old place. Our readers will have, of course, to forgive our short-comings in editorial respects.

THE REPORTER. We are pleased to report that the REPORTER is in a prosperous condition—that the business of its office is continually increasing—and that it has from the very beginning handsomely, and above board, paid its expenses. When we first started the paper, it was thought that it would require rather hard engineering to make it live. But it has lived, and lived without a particle of pecuniary, or any other embarrassments. In a word, there is no better property in the County of Cumberland than this same little paper. Who's afraid? It is due to this community to say that it has been liberal in bestowing patronage upon the establishment, and that our subscribers have, as a general thing, been prompt to pay their subscriptions, and all other debts contracted at this office. This is, in many respects, a pattern community, and it is bound to support its local newspaper.

PECK-SLIP is at home this week, but hasn't much of local news with which to regale the eyes of our distant readers, who are interested to hear weekly from their ancient home. We would say to them that every thing is quiet here just now. Business is dull, but promises soon to brighten up a little. The tanneries begin to awaken from their recently dormant state, which will impart an additional look of life to our village.

The main shaft of the Cumberland Mills broke again last week, which suspended operations there for a few days. A larger one has been substituted, and the machinery is again in busy motion. The water in Steven's brook is very low now—we do not remember ever seeing it so scarce at this season of the year. We are anxiously waiting for drink to descend.

THE WEATHER was very good during the month of January and we began to think that the bitterness of winter had passed.—But no sooner had we got back to this northern region than the snows began to descend, and the winds to blow, and the frost to nip our somewhat tender and elongated nasal protuberance. We discussed the question seriously with ourself, Did the Clerk of the weather order the discouraging disposition thereof with any reference to our especial discomfort and inconvenience?—We were and are greatly interested in having the weather very pleasant for a week or two, but said clerk disregarded our wishes in the premises. To-day, however, (Tuesday,) the sky is clear—the air soft and warm, and we are bound now to think that the winter is nearly "over and gone."

WE for a moment stuck our venerable head into Temperance Hall, last Tuesday evening, to see the disciples of the "heel and toe" navigate a bit. The Hall was thronged with dancers and spectators, and the scene was exceedingly animated. Were we in love with vanity, we might have stopped and "shook foot" a little while with the yokners. The music by our friends, the WEEDS, was quite exhilarating. We have not witnessed so lively a scene since we have been in town, as was presented by the dancers on this occasion. People do love to dance, and it must be "natral."

BECAUSE the Reporter has been silent about local matters, for a few weeks past, it must not be inferred that our folks here are all dead this winter. They are by no means idle in respect to matters that relate to their mental and emotional improvements. We have a good lyceum here, that has had a series of good lectures, and other profitable exercises; we have also two singing schools, and one dancing school. We are a lively people.

THE BRITISHERS seem to be monopolizing all the steaming between this country and Europe. They have just established a line of steamships between New York and the Mediterranean. If our commercial men do not stir soon in this matter of the carrying-trade, they will find themselves nowhere. If worse comes to worst, we will have on a fleet of our friend Chase's Canal-boats.

BUILDING UP. We understand, from good authority, that there will be quite a number of houses built in this village the ensuing season—more than have been built for the three last years. We are glad to hear this—we had no thought that this place, which has such unexampled facilities for business, had come to a dead stand. Bridgton Centre is destined to be a large and very thriving village. Go ahead, brethren!

WE saw, while in Boston, piles of dead deer on side walks, here and there, which were doubtless slaughtered in the wilds of this State. The sight induced in us a feeling of sadness; but we found some consolation in witnessing various herds of *live deer* promenading the thoroughfares of the city in all the glory of fur, silk, satin, delaine, calico and feathers!

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for March is a racy number, and will be read with increased interest by its numerous patrons. The engravings are very good, and very natural. We decidedly like this spirited monthly.

WE arrived home too late to write much this week. We will say our say in the next number of the Reporter.

EDINBURGH REVIEW for JANUARY 1860.—The contents of this number are as follows. It will be seen that the topics are of a weighty character. 1. Mortality in Trades and Professions, 2. Rawlinson's Herodotus, 3. Rogers on the Coal Fields of North America and Great Britain, 4. Lord Elgin Mission to China and Japan, 5. Alison's History of Europe, 6. Acclimatization of Animals, 7. Progress of Legal Reform, 8. Souvenirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier, 9. British Taxation, 10. Lord Macaulay.

The four Reviews, namely, Westminster, Edinburgh, London Quarterly and North British, with Blackwoods Magazine, can be had for \$10 per year—the cheapest and best reading that can be procured.

GODEY'S LADY'S Book for March is an average number, which is all any reader can in reason require. This periodical has for long years been the favorite of the ladies, and it is, for ought we can see, still to be so. Godey is the promptest of men in his dealings with a much-pleased public.

PECK-SLIP is one of the principal points of departure for steamers in N. Y. City. "Peck-Slips" are now "principal points of departure" for a place we desire not to name to ears polite.

PIESTLY INTOLERANCE. The Mahoning (Ohio) Register relates that a young married woman Catharine Garlow died on the 31st inst, after giving birth to a still-born child. The mother and child were placed in one coffin and taken to the Catholic church where a funeral service was performed by Father O'Connor. At the conclusion of the service the coffin was opened to permit those present to view the remains, when the priest, discovering the child in the burial case, ordered it to be taken out, because it had not been baptised. He declared that if buried with the mother it would send her to perdition, and that such an outrage was a disgrace to the church. The friends of the deceased insisted that the two should be buried together, at which the priest became highly excited, claimed that the corpse was in his power, hustled the mother of the dead woman away from it, assaulted the husband, and in short created a general row. The upshot of the matter was that the relatives of the deceased took the bodies away and laid them buried in another cemetery the next day, a Presbyterian minister officiating. Father O'Connor is said to be very bigoted and intolerant. Only a week or two since, a Catholic woman, through his influence, was coerced into deserting her Protestant husband, under the belief that her soul would not be saved if she continued to live with him. Another instance of priestly assumption was that of inflicting a severe personal chastisement, with a leather strap, upon a woman of his own congregation found under the influence of liquor.

In speaking of the Agricultural Lectures that come off this month at Yale College, N. P. Willis in the Home Journal says:—

"THE SCAR OF THE FARMER IS ON THE RISE! To be a 'distinguished man,' now-a-days, there is no safer or more substantial way than to be an 'eminent agriculturist,' 'successful horticulturist,' or the like.—A Longworth, a Wilder, a Grant, a Johnson.—It is the way of the world that the crowns of distinction should thus change hands. Poets, hanged in one age as vagabonds, in another age are honored with monuments in Westminster Abbey. Politicians, once statesmen—are now—we will not say what—but see the amount of private character it takes to stand the doubtful honor of being a 'public man.' Authors and authoresses are so multiplying, that to be introduced to a stranger as the popular writer, is to have a prejudice to overcome. No! there is no way for a man to be 'looked up to' for the next half century, like being an enterprising and successful farmer—and there is certainly no way to pass life so pleasantly, and since overseeing is easy work, and tools and cattle never tire of a man) no vocation which is so sure to keep him company till he dies!"

CAREY FARMS. Horace Greeley who is on a lecturing tour in the Northwest, writes the Tribune a letter on "times" in that section. He says:

I say emphatically to the industrious and frugal, who contemplate migration from the East to the West, if you can bring a moderate amount of ready means with you, the inducements to such migration were never greater than now. I judge that, in good hands, \$700 will to-day buy better improvements, than \$1,000 would have bought two or three years ago. With \$1000 cash in hand, you can buy a pretty fair farm in any State west of Ohio. There is a great abundance of land still held at absurd prices, and there is enough that will be sold—indeed, much of it must be sold—at reasonable rates. Go a little way from the railroad and the villages, and you can buy good quarter sections in almost any country for the fair value of the improvements already made on them. No reasonable man ought to wish them lower.

It is announced that the first express to California will leave Leavenworth on the 4th of April, and will run over the present mail route to Salt Lake, and thence by Capt Simpson's road direct to Sacramento City.—The proprietors are confident of reaching Sacramento in eight days; and before the first of June, by which time the line will be thoroughly organized, they expect to deliver despatches at the terminus of the telegraph line in Carson Valley in six days from Leavenworth. This would bring San Francisco within a week's communication of New York and Boston. To perform the trip in eight days it is estimated that a speed of eight miles an hour will have to be accomplished, which is determined to effect, and three hundred electric horses are being purchased to add to the stock already on the route.

MILL BURNED. Life Lost. On Sunday morning last the Woolen Mill at Sabattus village in Webster, was completely burned down. It is conjectured that the fire caught from a stove in the room on the lower floor, occupied by Mr. John Whitehead, who slept there, and who was so severely injured by the flames and smoke that he died on Sunday night. Quite a large amount of stock, and all the machinery, were destroyed.—The loss is estimated at \$20,000, on which there was insurance in the Hartford Company for \$5,500.

A SUPERNATURAL LIGHT ON A RAILROAD TRACK. Singular Phenomenon. An engineer employed on the Northern Central Railway in Maryland, informs the Baltimore Republican that, on Friday night last, while he was running a freight train over the road, and when about ten miles from Baltimore, he was suddenly startled by seeing directly before him what he supposed to be the front light of another engine coming towards him—not over a hundred yards distant. He immediately blew the whistle to put down the brakes, and finding he was about to run upon it, he reversed the engine and did everything in his power to stop, but finding it impossible, he gave the alarm to the firemen and rushed to the rear of the engine for the purpose of jumping off to save his life; when, upon turning again to take another look ahead, he was completely astounded by the discovery that the light had disappeared, but where to or how, no one was able to say. The story is substantiated by all those who were upon the train who state that they all saw the light directly ahead, very distinctly, and rather larger than the usual front lights.

After running a short distance the train was stopped, and those engaged upon it instituted a search for the cause of this mysterious light, but all of their efforts were in vain, as there was no light of any kind to be seen in the entire neighborhood. The Republican says it will be recollected that a man was killed at this very spot about a week since, and it is the supposition of those who saw it that the light was caused by some supernatural agency, as they are of opinion that it was entirely too large to have been the reflection from a hand lantern.—As we are not inclined to believe in "ghosts," we have some doubt about this, but it was certainly a singular phenomenon of some kind.

TRADING BY BARTER. No one can really appreciate the system of barter who has not seen people actually driven to that method of trade. A man with plenty of property but on money, and desirous of purchasing something of no great price, contemplates the exchangeable value of the various things around him, and fixes on a wheelbarrow.—That is the exact thing; he wants a pig, and that will buy it; but this mental process must be followed up by the bodily exertion of discovering some one who has a pig and wants a wheelbarrow. The requisite time and luck being assumed, this transaction may be completed. But, perhaps, he does not want a pig, but something of less value, and still has no smaller change than a wheelbarrow. His wife has all the week been urging him to buy some apples. What is to be done? Gold must be changed into silver; the wheelbarrow must be turned into two spades and a pitchfork, and then he can purchase the apples with one of the spades. But perfection is difficult; this entails the necessity of taking a spadesworth of apples; and, if he should only want half a spadesworth, further negotiations must be entered upon. He must change the spade into two gridirons, by which the difficulty will be diminished, but not perfectly overcome, since a gridiron's worth of apples may still be in excess of his domestic necessities. Nothing then remains but to change a gridiron into one of two things, which, like salt in Africa, are money everywhere—to wit, systems or nails. With this small change he may arrive at that exact idea of commutative justice which will satisfy his conscience and his wife.—[Humorous Sketches of Canada.

AN ANNOYING WIFE AND MOTHER. The Memphis Avalanche says, that among the deck passengers on the steamer Fanny Burditt, on a late trip from New Orleans to Memphis, was a woman who had recently been separated from her husband, a circumstance which so weighed upon her mind, that at times she was in a frenzy of excitement. She had with her a boy about two-and-a-half years old. On Tuesday the woman was observed standing on the guard of the boat, holding her little son by the hand, gazing into the muddy waters of the stream with an anxious look. As she seemed to be quiet, but little attention was paid her. All of a sudden she was seen to clasp the child in her arms, and after kissing it frantically and glancing upwards, threw the little fellow into the river and jumped after him.—The boat was promptly stopped, and the yawl launched, and mother and child rescued, in a senseless condition. The boy was restored to consciousness, but all efforts to revive the poor woman were unavailing—her spirit had fled. The boy has been adopted by the captain.

GOOD SKATING.—THE BEST YET. On Tuesday last, Mr. C. P. Lord of Lowell skated and walked from Lowell to South Green street, (opposite Plum Island Light) Newburyport, a distance of 45 miles in 5 hours. The distance walked was 10 miles, which occupied 2 1/2 hours of this time, leaving 2 1/2 hours, in which he skated the remaining 35 miles, nearly all the way against a strong head wind and with very rough ice to skate on, more especially from Haverhill to this city. The 10 miles walked was divided as follows: One mile from the starting point in Lowell to the ice; one mile around the falls at Lawrence; three miles between Lawrence and Haverhill; and five miles from Amesbury Ferry to South Green street in this city. He took off his skates six times between Lawrence and Haverhill, and twice between Haverhill and this city, to get by open places in the ice. We think that considering the head wind and the roughness of the ice, this is about the best feat on record in these parts.—[Newburyport Herald.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT. A serious accident occurred on the Fitchburg Railroad last evening, resulting from the two common practice of walking on the track. Some twenty men, who had been at work storing ties between Groton Junction and Fitchburg, were returning upon the track, when they met a freight train going up. They stepped from one track to the other to avoid it, without noticing the down passenger train from Burlington, which was coming at full speed. The engine struck six of the men, killing one outright, and injuring five others more or less seriously. The man who was killed appeared to be a foreigner.—[Boston Journal 16th.

INSIDERS ON STOCK. Well kept stock, housed in clean, well littered, white-washed stables, are rarely, unless they take them from other cattle, trouble with vermin but pulverized coppers and sulphur, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of coppers and two of sulphur, with a little salt—mixed in half a bushel of meal, given twice a week for three weeks, to 100 head of cattle or hogs, is said to be a complete remedy.

During the past week nearly ten tons of reds have been sent to New York by parties from Orleans, Mass.

HAIR BRUSHES AND COMBS. Children should be taught, from their earliest remembrance, the importance of keeping the hair clean, not so much by the use of the comb as the brush. Two sorts of combs are used, fine and coarse, made either of ivory or bone; when the brush has been well used, there is seldom any necessity for the fine-tooth comb; and the intention of using the coarse comb is more to disentangle the hair and prepare it for the brush. Nothing is more injurious to the skin of the head than the frequent application of the small tooth comb, the points of the teeth of which scratch and otherwise irritate the scalp, tending more than any cause whatever to the formation of scurf. It cannot be too strictly impressed upon the minds of parents if they would see their offspring blessed with a good head of hair, to refrain as much as possible from the use of the small tooth comb; a moderately hard brush is quite sufficient to keep the head and hair clean, and should be used the first thing in the morning, on account of the hair being more supple at that time than any other.—When children suffer from a scurfy head, the following wash used occasionally will remedy the evil at once, and will eventually cure the complaint. Take of salts of tartar four drachms;—tincture of cantharides, twenty drops; spirits of camphor, twenty drops; lemon juice, half a pint. Dissolve the salts of tartar gradually in the lemon juice till the effervescence ceases; then add the other ingredients, and after leaving it exposed to the air for a short time, it may be perfumed and bottled for use. This is the finest and most innocent hair wash that can be made.—[Scientific American.

SILVER. Half a century ago, the annual production of silver, so much as comes to the use of Atlantic nations, was estimated at \$39,500,000; with no material deviation in the average in the mean time, the annual yield is now \$44,000,000. Silver is flowing to the east with great rapidity. M. Chevalier, in his recent work, states the following facts: From the books of an English navigation company, it appears that in 1856 this company carried direct from England to Asia, \$60,000,000, and in 1857, \$84,000,000 in silver. In 1851, the quantity shipped through the same channel was only \$8,500,000. There was sent to the East from the Mediterranean ports in 1856, \$18,000,000. It goes eastward through many other channels, but the two items given above for 1857 amount to more than double the annual supply that to our part of the world. The Chinese and all the barbarous nations of Asia demand silver. In the British Empire of India, silver alone is the legal tender; and a new market is now opened for the same metal in Japan. How extensive a market this last will prove to be, cannot yet be known; but the Japanese will aid in draining silver from Europe, to the extent of whatever gold they now possess.—[Am. Merchant.

A SMART FOX, OR A TOUGH STORY. In a recent lecture upon his experience in Arctic, Dr. Rae said:

On the journey, I saw a very curious instance of the sagacity of the Arctic fox.—Conscious that I was aiming at him, he tucked his tail under his legs, cocked up his ears, and endeavored to look as much like a hare as possible, which is an animal comparative ly worthless. Another fact of this kind occurred to me whilst being detained at a particular place where our favorite amusement was trapping wild animals. Our mode of doing this was with a spring gun connected with a bait, which, when touched, produced the explosion. One instance showed us that a fox, either from observation of a companion's faith, or from hard earned experience, had gone up to the gun, bit off the cord connected with the bait, and the danger being averted, went and ate the meat in undis turbed comfort. And it is a common occurrence for the fox to make a trench up to the bait, seize it, and permit the charge to pass over his head.

It is a historical fact that notes of the Bank of England circulated for sixty-five years without any attempt to counterfeit them. In 1755 a linen draper of London counterfeited a note for the first time, by cutting into as many pieces as there were pictures and words upon and employing the best engravers to copy them on separate plates. By printing the separate plates successively on one piece of paper, the same effect is produced as if the whole had been engraved on one plate. William Henry Vaughan—for such was his name—was hung for his ingenuity; and counterfeiting went on increasing until 1818. There was about 130 executions, for the crime in one year, and all for counterfeiting the notes on the Bank of England alone.

KITCHEN MEMORANDA. Potatoes to be washed—meat to be put to soak—lamps to fill—knives to scour—furniture to be dusted—silver to be polished—front entry to be washed—beds to be made—apples to be pared—flour to shift—shirts to be ironed—dishes to be washed—beets to be cleaned—carpets to be swept—fires to be tended—linen to get a pig to be fed—pudding to be made—a run to the store—front door to tend—children to be waited on—baby's frock to be washed—stockings to be darned—buttons to be sewed on the shirts—shirts to be done up—tea to get—griddle cakes—doughnuts; custards; gingerbread; preserves; dishes to clear away—company—evening meeting—bed time.

A LAWYER ANSWERED. While the hearing in the case of the Hancock House vs Hancock House, was going on a day or two since a witness said that one of them was a rum shop merely, while the other was a respectable hotel. A young sprig of the law, upon the other side, who deals somewhat in logic, inquired, If they both sell liquor, and both accommodate customers, how can there be a difference between them? The witness eyed the lawyers a moment, as if meditating upon an answer and—Daniel Webster was a lawyer and so are you, but it don't make you a great man, because he was." The answer was satisfactory, and the witness was allowed to sit down.

FLUCTUATIONS OF FORTUNE. A few years ago, Mr. Leonard Wells was one of the most active and successful men in the city of Indianapolis, and was worth, clear of the world \$70,000. Luck, however, turned against him, and in the course of eighteen months he passed from affluence to poverty. He is now a resident of Albany, and makes a scanty living for himself and family in peddling apples, candies and doughnuts. This case presents a strong illustration of the vicissitudes of fortune.

Four hundred years have elapsed since the invention of printing, yet books are not in circulation all over the globe; while the use of tobacco became universal within fifty years of its discovery.

VARIOUS ITEMS.
SUICIDE. We learn that Mr. Edmund Wiley, an extensive shoe manufacturing South Reading, committed suicide Friday evening, by hanging himself. He has been engaged in the business, and his salesroom at No. 100 Pearl street, Boston, a short time since he had a large and a manufacturing erected at South Reading, the Boston & Maine depot, and made a great enlargement of his business at considerable outlay, and it is supposed that he either suffered, or that he anticipated losses, as he has been for some days depressed. His residence was at Montrose, and committed the deed in a barn near house.—[Boston Traveller, 18th.

We have received Halifax and St. John B. papers of the 10th inst. Over seven cases and eight deaths of small pox occurred at St. John, N. B., for the week ending last. Thomas Piskard, Esq., late m. of the New Brunswick Parliament, met an awful death on the 25th of January. He was crushed to pieces in consequence of clothing being caught by a revolving wheel of his mill while engaged in oiling the machinery.

A man named Francisco Javier Lazo, twenty-three years of age, was recently caught at Havana, and before his death confessed to having committed twenty-four murders, besides innumerable robberies. He made the confession after taking laudanum with the view of perpetrating suicide, having recovered, was executed.

There were in New York, at the last enumeration, 560 tenement houses, containing actual count, 10,933 families, or about persons in each. Of these human hives, 29 had 111 inmates each, 71 had 140 each, 29 had 187 each—according to the average.

Mrs. Swisshelm, the strong-minded editor of the St. Cloud (Min.) Democrat has read the legislative appointment of Susan of Logs and Lumber, which some persons are disposed to regard as a good joke. Truly says nobly can insult her by the work that will bring honest wages.

The longest railway line in England London and Northwestern, 919 miles; Northeastern is 748. Eight railroads terminate in London, and their great receipts are close upon a million dollars a week. The total railway receipts in Great Britain are two and a half million dollars per week. The total investment in the roads is about \$1,363,113,775.

The following is a copy of an order to expressman, received a day or two since: "Send me 10 galls. of your last gin for I want it for my mother's wake and find she is on her last breath. Sometimes she knows us and sometimes she don't. Send this evening precisely."—[Boston Traveller.

A writer of the last century quaintly served that when the canons of the papal began war, the canons of the church were destroyed. It was, said he, first miter it governed the world, and then nitre; Saint Peter, and then saltpetre.

"I have known," says Cicero, "many by speaking, few by keeping silence; therefore, more difficult to know how to silent than to speak." And there is a fish proverb to the same effect: "Any man babble, but it takes a wise man to his tongue."

Fifty stores of the ordinary size for warming, it is asserted, will not burn, chemically change into its elements so as air as one pair of human lungs, thereby the effect of stores in this particular is so frightful as many have supposed.

The recent intensely cold weather in France is said to have driven troops of wolves to their haunts in the forests, up to the gates of cities, where they seize sheep give battle to the shepherds.

At Waterbury, the wife of William D. (German) lost her life on Friday last, the explosion of a champagne lamp which had just filled while it was lighted.

The amount of taxable property in Kansas shown by the report of the Territorial auditor, is \$15,000,000. The indebtedness the Territory amounts to \$26,000.

A tender of vocal music asked an old lady if her grandson had an ear for music? "Al," said the old lady "I really don't know you take a candle and look?"

The editor of the Wilmington (N. C.) has been eating green peas and new potatoes. These vegetables were raised December, in the open air in Farkland Florida.

The number of drinking saloons in Orleans, with a population of 180,000, is estimated at 2,265.

There were 21,646 deaths in New York city last year—enough to populate quite large city.

The number of Indians now upon our territory is estimated at three hundred fifty thousand.

At the London Westminster Police Court, lately, a woman was brought in on a charge of being drunk; this was her 107th appearance before the magistrates for the same offence.

The number of births in Paris for the year, so far as they are made up, is 37,000 of which near one-third (11,000) illegitimate, so declared on the civil register.

M. Bome, a Dutch astronomer, announcing that the famous comet of Charles V., who was seen in 1553, will re-appear in August next.

Not less than 11,000,000 tons of coal was shipped from the various coal regions of Pennsylvania during the past year, valued at that market at about \$36,000,000.

Estimating the population of the U. S. at the present time, at 3,000,000, each inhabitant annually consumes 8 lbs. of coffee, 1 lb. of tea, and 50 lbs. of sugar.

The violet grows low and covers itself with its own tears, and of all flowers yields its sweetest fragrance. Such is humility.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter; and those sentences of friendship which flow from the heart are not frozen in adversity.

There are eight military companies in Berkeley county, Va. Before the Brown war there was scarcely one.

A Yankee doctor has got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' labor well worked in.

The Virginia Volunteers serving at Harper's Ferry and Charlestown will receive \$11 per month, or thirty-six cents per day for the number of days served.

The total emigration from all foreign countries into the United States for the year ending December 31, 1859, was 160,000, being about ten per cent gain on 1858.

MISCELLANY.

MARRIED.

BY F. L. FOND.

Before the altar standing
Is a young and happy pair,
Their hands together joining
As the words are spoken there.

Words that when once are spoken,
May they from them ne'er depart,
And the golden chord be broken
That now binds them heart to heart.

As onward, o'er the path of life,
And never sorrow, care or strife
Disturb their happy home.

If ere through trials they should pass,
O may they ever be
True to each other to the last,
Then will their troubles cease.

And may they ever bear in mind
The blessings to them given,
By Him who to them is so kind,
Our Father who is in heaven.

And on his strength may they rely,
In every time of need,
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
He will his children feed.

PEW TALK FOR SUNDAY.

That tall young fellow's here to-day!
I wonder what's his name!
His eyes are fixed upon our pew—
Do look at Sally Dame.

Who's that young lady dressed in green?
It can't be Mrs. Lench;
There's Mr. Jones with Deacon Giles!
I wonder if he'll preach?

Lend me your fan—it is so warm—
We both will sit in prayer;
Mourning becomes the Widow Ames—
How Mary's bonnet flares.

Do look at Nancy Sloop's veil,
It's full a breadth too wide;
I wonder if Susannah Ayres
Appears to-day as bride?

Lord! what a voice Jane Rice has got!
Oh, how that organ roars!
I'm glad we've left the singer's seat;
How hard Miss Johnson snores!

What ugly shawls are those in front!
Did you observe Ann Wild?
Her new straw bonnet's trimmed with black,
I guess she's lost a child.

I'm half asleep; that Mr. Jones!
His sermons are so long;
This afternoon we'll stay at home,
And practice that new song.

A western correspondent sends us the following capital anecdote of Arkansas political life:

"About a dozen years ago Governor Y and Judge W— were candidates for Congress in this district. They were both far-sighted, shrewd politicians—the Judge the better lawyer and debater; the Governor by far the more winning in his manner, as the sequel will fully establish. One hot day in July, while they were travelling together on the canvass, they came upon a party of twenty men or more assembled on the road side for the purpose of having a shooting-match. Thinking it a good time and place for presenting their respective claims, the Governor proposed stopping. They halted, and the Governor soon made himself at home. He bought a number of chances in the 'match' and, being a good marksman, succeeded well, winning quite a quantity of beef, which constituted the prize.

The Judge had conscientious scruples as to shooting-matches, and did not participate, but stood by, conversing with the more sober of the crowd, while his friend, the Governor, was in high glee with his companions over their beef. When the beef was given out to the successful shooters, our Governor ordered his to be divided among some poor widows who lived in the vicinity, and then asked the boys if they were not 'dry?' Of course they were, and the Governor generously ordered a plentiful supply of the 'Oh be joyful!'

Here again the Judge had scruples and did not participate; but had it been otherwise it would have availed nothing. The Governor was decidedly the best man at the shooting match, while the Judge felt himself emphatically in the vocative. Leaving their friends, they proceeded on their way some twelve or fifteen miles, and halted at a camp ground where the annual camp meeting was being held. They separated in the crowd, each electioneering with all his might with old and young, friends and strangers—making hay while the sun shone—for there was indeed a fine opening. Towards night the Judge began to look round for his distinguished opponent, but could find him nowhere. He waited patiently till evening services began, and then concluded he would go out to the large shed where the people had assembled for meeting, thinking perhaps he might meet his friend. On going out, what was his astonishment to find the gallant Governor, the hero of the shooting-match, in front of the altar, surrounded by ministers and class-leaders, with a hymn-book in his hand, head thrown back, singing as loud as his lungs would permit, 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!'

"From that moment," said the Judge, "I gave up all hopes. I tell you I tell you Sir—a man that's good for a camp-meeting and shooting-match can't be beat for Congress; it can't be done sir!" And so it proved.—[Knickerbocker.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation; because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

It is worthy of notice that, while second thoughts are best in the matters of judgment, first thoughts are always best in the matters that relate to mortality.

A farmer who had employed a green Irishman, ordered him to give the mule some corn in the ear. On his coming in the farmer said:

'Well, Pat, did you give him the corn?'
'To be sure I did.'
'How did you give it?'
'An' sure just as ye told me—in the ear.'
'How much did you give?'
'Well, ye see, the craythur wouldn't hold still, an' kept a switching his ears about so, that I couldn't git above a fist full in both ears.'

'How old are you?' said a magistrate to a German arraigned before him.

'I am dirty.'
'And how old is your wife?'
'Mine wife is dirty-two.'

'Then, sir, you are a very dirty couple, and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you.'

'What are you looking at my dear?' said a very affectionate mother to her daughter. The daughter looked around and thus replied: 'Looking after a son-in-law for father.'

Libraries are the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and repose.

Contentment is a pearl of great price. Every person who procures it, be it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.

We wouldn't intimate that wives ever pull hair, yet few persons can have failed to observe that, as a general rule, married men get bald much sooner than bachelors.

Sentimental Youth.—My dear girl, will you share my lot for life?
Practical girl.—How many acres is your lot, sir?

A synical Frenchman once said there are two parties to love affairs, the party who loves, and the party who consents to be so treated.

It is well that the youths of our country should get high—but they should do so as the oaks do—by drinking water.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quietly, and without hesitation; for there is no benefit that sticks to the fingers.

When a man dies, men ask what property he leaves—angels, what good deed he has sent before him.

The hand of Diligence defeateth Want, but Prosperity and Success are the industrious man's attendants.

For a pretty woman to wear too many jewels, is as foolish as to put three feet of gilt frame to one foot of picture.

G. H. BROWN,
Manufacturer, wholesale and retail dealer in
FURNITURE
of all descriptions.

LOOKING GLASSES, MATTRESSES, PICTURE FRAMES, FEATHERS, CHAMBER SETS.

Extension, Center and Card Tables. BEDSTEADS, of the latest and most improved style, with Spring Bottoms. ALSO, READY-MADE COFFINS.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER. LOOKING-GLASSES REPAIRED. NORTH BRIDGTON, ME. 8

Custom Work.
A. BENTON would announce to his former customers and the citizens of Bridgton generally, that he has recommenced making CUSTOM WORK, and is now ready to attend to all orders in the line of
BOOT AND SHOEMAKING,
for either men, women or children.
Work respectfully solicited.
Bridgton Center, Sept. 2, 1859. 1y

J. F. & J. D. WOODBURY,
Manufacturers of
FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, &c.

JOBGING
attended to with promptness and dispatch.
Please give us a call.
Shop next door to Adams & Walker's Store. BRIDGTON CENTER. 1

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
SPERM, WHALE, AND LARD OIL

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No 17, Exchange Street, PORTLAND, ME. 1ly

TOWELS. Royal Turkish Bathing Towels, at
BILLINGS'

WATERPROOF SKELETON SKIRTS FOR ONE DOLLAR, at BILLINGS'.
SKELETON SKIRTS!
35 THIRTY HOOPS just received at BILLINGS'.

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AND
YANKEE BROADCLOTH.

Also, dealer in
Dry Goods,
WEST INDIA GOODS.

—AND—
GROCERIES.

of every description
All kinds of COUNTRY PRODUCE wanted in exchange for Goods.
CHAS. E. GIBBS, Agent.
Bridgton, Dec. 10, 1858. 1fs

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Manufacturers, Wholesale & Retail dealers in
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Policies issued and further Information may be obtained by application to our
GEORGE A. WIGHT,
Agent at Bridgton.

BOOTS & SHOES.
THE subscriber hereby gives notice that he continues to manufacture Boots & Shoes of every description, at his old stand at North Bridgton, where may be found a general assortment of
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

He also has the right, and manufactures
MITCHELL'S PATENT
Metalic Tip Boots and Shoes,

for the towns of Bridgton, Harrison, Naples, Watford, Sweden, Lovell and Fryeburg, and will be happy to furnish those in want of anything in his line.

Orders filled with as much dispatch as the nature of the business will admit.
JAMES WEBB.
No. Bridgton, Nov. 10, 1858. 4f

REUBEN BALL
KEEPS constantly on hand for sale a good assortment of
Family Groceries,
such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Apples, Potatoes, Butter and Cheese,

—ALSO—
MEATS
of different kinds—in a word, most every thing for family consumption.

Farmers' Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
Purchasers will find it for their interest to all.
Bridgton Center, Nov. 12, 1858. 1

BOURBON ELIXIR.
THE proprietor introduces his Elixir to the public with a positive knowledge that it will perform all that he claims for it. He did not originate it for the sake of having something to sell, but to cure himself of Dyspepsia, and Sore Throat, of years standing. He succeeded completely in doing so, and, now, after having established his remarkable curative power beyond a doubt, by its use in a great variety of other cases, with equal success, he offers it to the public for the relief of the suffering.

Try it ye gloomy and desponding, there is Health and happiness in store for you yet.
IT CURES DYSPEPSIA;
IT CURES CONSTIPATION;
IT CURES SORE THROAT;
IT CURES A SLUGGISH LIVER;

It strengthens and regenerates the Enfeebled System; And there is no medicine known that causes food to do so much good, that adds so much healthy nutrition to the Blood and Vital Forces of the system as the Bourbon Elixir.

For sale in Bridgton by S. M. Hayden. Prepared and sold by W. A. Sleeper, Nashua, N. H. 51 ly.

S. M. HARMON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
BRIDGTON, MAINE. 1y

CONGRESS HEEL GAITERS! Cheap at BILLING'S.

EROSINE OIL, Lamps, Wicks, and Chimneys, for sale at
DIXEY STONE & SON.

NEW Lot of Boots, Shoes and Rubber for sale by DIXEY STONE & SON.

Scrofula, or King's Evil

Is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which the fluid becomes irritated, weak and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing influences of cold, and the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending from parents to children, and to the third and fourth generation. Indeed, it seems to be the rod of him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter which in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles, in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently, various numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination, and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by an alternative medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our times can devise for this every where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its internal consequences. Hence it should be employed for the cure of not only scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptions and Skin Diseases, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, OR ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLITCHES, BLAINS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, HERPES, RINGWORM, ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, MERCURIAL DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITIATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "Impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate the vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For all the purposes of a Family Physic, are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of every body, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agents below named are pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache, arising from disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Flatulency, and Morbid action of the Bowels, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstructions of its functions.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

FOR THE RAPID CURE OF
Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease.

So wide is the field of its usefulness and so numerous are the cases of its cures, that persons of every age and country abound in its personal knowledge, who have been relieved from alarming and even desperate diseases of the lungs by its use. When once tried, its superiority over every other medicine of its kind is too apparent to escape observation, and where its virtues are known, the public no longer hesitate what antidote to employ for the pulmonary virus that is so incident to our climate. While many inferior remedies thrust upon the community have failed and been discarded, this has gained friends by every trial, conferred benefits on the afflicted that can never forget, and produced cures too numerous and too remarkable to be forgotten.

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The world-renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the worst cases of Seminal Weakness, and all the consequences of self-abuse may be effectually removed without Medicine and without dangerous Surgical operations, boggles, instruments rings or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself, cheaply, privately, radically. This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.

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NEGLECT THEM AND DIE.

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TERS.—These unsurpassed remedies have been the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations. Herrick's Vegetable Pills, in universal good repute, have been the common consent of mankind, been placed at the head of all similar preparations. These Pills are covered with a coating of pure white sugar, no taste of medicine about them, but are as easily taken as bits of confectionary. FAMILY BOXES, 25 CENTS, 5 BOXES, \$1.

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These renowned Plasters cure pains, weakness and distress in the back, sides & breast, in five hours. Indeed, so certain are they to do this, that the Proprietor warrants them. Spread from resins, balsams and gums, on beautiful Kid leather, renders them peculiarly adapted to the wants of Females and others. Each plaster will wear from one to four months, and in rheumatic complaints, sprains and bruises, frequently effect cures, while all other remedies failed. Full directions will be found on the back of each. Public speakers, vocalists, ministers of the Gospel and others, will strengthen their lungs and improve their voices by wearing them on the breast. PRICE 18 3-4 CENTS.

Dr. Castle's Magnolia Catarrh Snuff
Has obtained an enviable reputation in the cure of Catarrh, Loss of Voice, Deafness, Watery and Inflamed Eyes, and those disagreeable noises, resembling the whizzing of steam, distant waterfalls, etc., pure and agreeable comes with full directions, & delights all that use it; as a sneezing snuff it cannot be equalled. BOXES 25 CENTS.

HARVEL'S CONDITION POWDERS.
These old established Powders, so well known at the Long Island Race Course, N. Y., and sold in immense quantities through the Middle and Eastern States for the past seven years, continue to excel all other kinds. In diseases of Horses and Cattle their excellence is acknowledged everywhere. They contain nothing injurious, the animal can be worked while feeding them; ample directions go with each package, and good horsemen are invited to test their virtues and judge of their goodness.

The above articles are sold by 27,000 agents throughout the United States, Canada and South America, and wholesale by all large Druggists in the principal cities.

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Those commencing Housekeeping can obtain at this establishment a complete outfit of Rich, Medium, or Low Price Goods, suitable to their different wants without the trouble and loss of time usually attending a selection of this kind; and the subscriber is confident that, combining as he does the various departments of the House Furnishing Business, he can offer goods at Prices that cannot fail of proving satisfactory on examination. These Goods are offered for sale at Chamber's, and will be sold 10 to 15 per cent lower than goods are usually sold for on the Lower Floor.
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